THE

LIFE

OF

MRS. GOOCH.

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MRS. GOOCH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

DEDICATED TO THE PUBLIC.

" Oh! that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
" On Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone!
" Was fix'd a rock amidſt the wat'ry roar,
" And in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone!"

HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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&c. &c.

PREVIOUS to their departure, Prior desired me, from his master, to give to him all the letters I had received from him since he left Lille, alledging that they would be wanted in the business coming on: with that easy confidence which has ever marked my character, I relinquished them,

though contrary to Mrs. Watkins's opinion and desire.

I received many letters from Mr. Woodcock. He told me that it did not appear to him incompatible, his taking Mr. Gooch's interests and mine also, and acting for us both; but if I thought otherwise, he begged I would appoint some gentleman of the law to be *my* representative. I did not know one, and if I had, should have submitted every thing to their opinion. He then desired I would mention what maintenance I expected, and this I requested they would settle among themselves.

Mr.

Mr. Woodcock then informed me that I was to receive in future two hundred pounds per annum from Mr. Gooch, which was to be paid quarterly at the houſe of Meſſrs. Hoare in Fleet Street, his bankers.

Several months paſſed without my hearing any more of the diſſolution of my marriage. I returned to England, and ſent a note to Mr. Woodcock to inform him of it. He immediately came to me at the Hotel in Suffolk Street, where I had taken up my abode. He expreſſed much concern for my ſituation, and lent me money, of which I was deſtitute. He ſaid he had no doubt of Mr.

Gooch's reimburſing him, and that if he did not, *he ſhould only be ſorry for him.* Theſe were exactly Mr. Woodcock's words. He had obſerved to me in one of his letters, that Mr. Gooch's conduct towards me was ſuch as fully to evince, that if I had not been guilty, he was reſolved to make me ſo; and he farther ſaid, that he was ſorry to obſerve I had not a ſingle friend in my family, nor one that he knew of in my own country. Mr. Woodcock will not, I am ſure, deny having written this to me, and grieved I am to confeſs that his remarks were ſtrictly true.

I went, at Mr. Woodcock's recommendation,

mendation, to lodge at Mrs. M'Donnell's, in Mount Street, Groſvenor Square. Some weeks after I had been there I ſet out again for Lille. I had but juſt reached Dover, and was preparing to ſail in the packet, when I received a letter by the ſtage from Mr. Woodcock, deſiring me to return immediately to London, on buſineſs of conſequence and advantage to myſelf. I obeyed the ſummons, and was at Mrs. M'Donnell's again the next day. I ſent a note on my arrival to Mr. Woodcock, who returned a written anſwer, that he begged to ſee me at his chambers the next morning at eleven o'clock. When I got there, he told me that Mr. Gooch had that moment

moment left him, after ſigning a paper that lay open on his deſk, which he ſaid it was neceſſary for me to ſign alſo. He told me that it was to ſuffer a recovery on my coming of age, (an event that had juſt taken place), which, by cutting off the intail of my eſtates on Lord Galway, would empower them to be ſold, and produce a yearly addition of from four to five hundred pounds, which was to be equally divided between Mr. Gooch and myſelf. I ſigned the paper as I was deſired, but was then, as I now am, perfectly ignorant of its contents; nor have I ever ſince heard of any addition to my income, or any of thoſe

advantages which I was taught to believe would follow my compliance.

I ſoon after called again on Mr. Woodcock, to requeſt that I might have money to return to France, as I had been put to inconvenience and expence from being called back after I had reached Dover; but a viſible alteration had taken place in his manner towards me — his former expreſſions of kindneſs had given way to reproaches, and he told me that two hundred pounds a year was as much as I had a right to expect, and that money was only the encouragement of vice. In this opinion, which I have heard ſupported, in other inſtances,

ſtances, by the powerful againſt the weak, my own experience has taught me to differ. It is the *want* of money, and not the *poſſeſſion* of it, that leads on to impropriety of conduct. *Neceſſity* has many times *compelled* me to do what my pride has revolted at, and to which nothing *but neceſſity* could have forced me.

I returned to Lille.—Mr. H——, who had been abſent, was there again. —Monſ. Du Buq's regiment ſoon after received orders to go to the little town of Bergues, near Dunkirk. At his departure his debts and his wants drained me of every ſhilling I poſſeſſed and could borrow.

As ſoon as he was gone, my Engliſh friends began to repreſent to me that his conduct was purely mercenary, and that, as there did not ſeem to be any probability of a divorce, I had better make an end of the connection. Mr. H——, who, as I before ſaid, was never ſo happy as while he was forming intrigues and fomenting diviſions, gave me ſome good advice on the ſubject, and after a few weeks, and paper quarrels with Monſ. Du Buq, he introduced me to an officer of the Cuiraſſiers, the Baron d'Arthaud.

The Baron was a handſome and accompliſhed man, and ſufficiently a man

man of the world to convince me, without much difficulty, that an infantry officer was beneath my notice; that thoſe of the cavalry *only* were conſidered in France as being men of family and fortune, excepting indeed thoſe who commanded the foot regiments, who were generally promoted to that rank from having been formerly of an inferior one in the horſe. The Baron poſſeſſed every advantage that a fine perſon and elegant accompliſhments can beſtow; an officer of his regiment was the favourite of my friend Mrs. Watkins, and this was another motive for the facility of our acquaintance.

Soon

Soon after this I received a letter from Mr. Gooch, in which he told me, that, after all that had paſſed, he could not think of again living with me in England, and he had an objection to France. But that if I approved it, he would meet me at ſome place he would hereafter appoint, and go with me to Switzerland, which, being a Proteſtant country, would afford the children an opportunity, during their infancy, of being properly attended to. I acquieſced with joy to this propoſal; and a few poſts after that I received another letter from him to ſay that he would not bring the children abroad, but ſolicited my return to England,

and

and remaining for ſome time at Cheſterfield with my grandmother.

My relations wrote to me to the ſame effect; but I gave a poſitive refuſal, and told them I preferred remaining as I was.

The Baron was, in a few months, obliged to go on leave of ſix months abſence to his mother's houſe at Toul, in Lorraine. Before he went away he requeſted that I would promiſe him not to aſſociate any longer with Mrs. Watkins or Mr. H——; they, however, ſoon determined me to the contrary, and although Mrs. Watkins's houſe was but the length of my garden

den from mine, we thought even that prevented our being ſufficiently together, and before the Baron had been long gone ſhe propoſed, and I accepted, going to live in her houſe, and giving up my own.

I wrote the Baron word what I had done, at which he was very much exaſperated, and deſired I would leave Lille immediately, and go into a convent at Nancy, where I ſhould be near him. My two counſellors diſapproved the plan; but a predilection in the Baron's favour, and more than that, the idea that by conforming to his wiſh, I ſhould be afterwards married to him, determined me on doing every

thing he desired, and I began to make preparations for my journey.

I had received money from Mr. Gooch to pay my debts at Lille, which I employed in doing so, and in the purchase of an old villainous cabriolet, for which I paid four times its value; but I had not enough remaining for my journey, and I left in the care of Mrs. Watkins a very fine diamond ring, the gift of my mother, on which she procured me twelve louis d'ors and promised to send the ring to me as soon as I should have it in my power to redeem it.

Thus settled every thing, I began my

my journey, attended only by a man ſervant belonging to the Baron, whom he had left with me. We were proceeding one dark and ſtormy night through ſome woods in Champaigne, when I heard a loud and dreadful howling. I called my ſervant to explain it: he told me it was a flock of ſhe wolves, that were at that ſeaſon of the year in the habit of traverſing the country. He ſaid there was no danger of their attacking us; but as they had alarmed me, and we were three leagues from the town of Chalons, where we were to ſleep, we put up at the firſt houſe where I could get a decent lodging for the night.

We were to paſs through Toul, five leagues on this ſide Nancy, and arrived there on the ſeventh morning after leaving Lille. La Pierre conducted me to the inn, and then went to the Baroneſs's houſe in ſearch of his maſter, with whom he almoſt immediately returned. I was ſurprized at ſeeing La Pierre and the people of the inn buſied in taking my trunks off the carriage, and aſked the Baron what it meant? He then delivered me a meſſage from the Baroneſs, his mother, deſiring I would breakfaſt at her houſe. I felt uneaſy at the propoſal, as I began to ſuſpect, from the circumſtance of the trunks, that I ſhould probably

probably be under the neceſſity of ſtaying there longer than I wiſhed.

I began to wiſh myſelf at Lille again; but the rules of politeneſs forbade my telling the Baron ſo, and I was obliged to aſſume an air of ſatisfaction and gratitude for this ſeeming hoſpitality, while in my heart I ſincerely lamented it.

He conducted me almoſt immediately to the Baroneſs's houſe, which conveyed at once an idea of poverty and grandeur. It was extremely large: the furniture, thinly ſcattered about the apartments, had once been coſtly,

but had long ſince fallen a prey to the worms.

We found the Baroneſs ſitting in a large room by a fire compoſed of enormous piles of wood, which is in that country remarkably cheap. She was a ſhort, thickſet woman, about ſixty, with very large, penetrating black eyes, that, on my firſt appearance, looked as if they would dart into my ſoul. Theſe received ſome addition to their wonted *ſoftneſs* by an amazing quantity of very deep rouge. She was dreſſed in a dirty white bed gown, and held in her hand a book, which ſhe laid down when ſhe aroſe to receive me.

When

When the uſual compliments of inquiry were over, ſhe aſked me whether it were true, that I was going to bury myſelf in a convent at Nancy?—On my aſſuring her it was, ſhe was pleaſed to pay me many compliments on my intended ſecluſion, but requeſted that the convent I ſhould make choice of might be her houſe. She was reading, ſhe told me, when we came in, a paſſage in one of the volumes of Sully's Memoirs, which gives an opinion of the Engliſh at once, I think, illiberal and unjuſt. She told me ſhe knew very few perſons of my country; but thoſe ſhe had ſeen ſhe diſliked; adding, there were certainly good and bad of all nations, and

that it would be difficult for her not to conquer any national prejudice, after ſhe had ſeen *me*. All this flattery diſguſted, inſtead of pleaſing, me; and as firſt impreſſions, where they are ſtriking, are generally laſting ones, ſo the firſt moment I beheld the Baroneſs I conceived an averſion towards her, that not all her ſuperficial good breeding could efface.

Some chocolate, fruits, and wine, were ſerved up, and ſhe then conducted me to an apartment deſtined for me, on the ground floor, near her own. She inſiſted on my trunks being unpacked, and that I ſhould eſta-

bliſh myſelf at her houſe, and conſider it my home.

When the Baroneſs had left me to myſelf, I began to ruminate on my new ſituation, and the more I thought on it, the more I was unhappy. I now, for the firſt time, felt my degradation. I was convinced that no *diſintereſted* woman of character, who knew nothing of my family, or of myſelf, would invite me to live in her houſe before ſhe was acquainted with me, under the light in which I then appeared, and without any other knowledge or recommendation of me than her ſon's partiality. To my name and connections ſhe was a perfect ſtranger;

and

and it appeared to me aſtoniſhing that ſhe ſhould, under theſe circumſtances, load me with profuſions of kindneſs, to which I had not the ſmalleſt claim, and of which, with reſpect to her, I was wholly undeſerving.

At dinner I joined the Baroneſs, and in the evening a large company was aſſembled at her houſe, when the game of Loto *took them all in.* I requeſted permiſſion to retire till ſupper, and went into my room to write letters to my family, and acquaint them with my ſituation.

The Baron ſoon followed me; he cautioned me againſt any particulari-

ties

ties towards himſelf before his mother, which urged me to a duplicity of conduct that has been ever too far removed from my character. He had informed her, he ſaid, that divorces were common in England, and that they by no means ſtigmatized the parties; that a very ſhort time would effect mine, which waited only the next meeting of Parliament; and added, that he was fully convinced, from the prepoſſeſſion the Baroneſs had already conceived in my favour, that at the end of that time ſhe would be as anxious to haſten our marriage as ourſelves. But the Baron did not *then* tell me *all* he had ſaid to his mother: I ſhould otherwiſe have known

that

that the hope of raiſing her fallen fortunes, on the expectation of what *I* ſhould poſſeſs, were the ſole motive for the civilities I had received; civilities with which, without gueſſing at that, I was already, as I before mentioned, perfectly diſguſted.

I paſſed a few months at this Lady's houſe. The mornings we devoted to ourſelves in our reſpective apartments; but we dined between twelve and one, and before four the company, which ſhe regularly admitted every evening, joined us, and ſtaid ſupper. It was difficult for me to imagine by what means the Baroneſs ſo conſtantly ſupported theſe parties, when never

leſs than twelve or or fifteen people ſupped with her; and it was ſome time before I diſcovered that it was to the game of Loto ſhe had the obligation. Her houſe was open to all the officers of the regiment Dauphin, cavalry, quartered at Toul, who were glad in a ſmall town, where there were no public amuſements, to paſs their evenings in theſe places, where, for the loſs of a few louis d'ors, they were well entertained, and ſure of being well received. The little money that I had was ſoon ſacrificed, at this game, to the Baroneſs, who always at her own houſe held the bank, which was fully ſufficient to defray the expences of the night.

The

The Baroneſs introduced me to the Biſhop of Toul, where we dined twice; and we went to Nancy for two days, one of which we paſſed at the Count de Roziere's, and the other at the Marchioneſs of Baſſompierre's.

This old Lady was among the firſt of the nobility at Nancy, and had much the appearance and the manners of an Engliſhwoman of faſhion, which is, in my opinion, the higheſt compliment that can be paid a foreigner.

Her houſe was fitted up with great elegance, and all the firſt company reſorted to it. The Baroneſs told her that

that I came recommended to her protection by many people of conſequence in England, and ſhe did me the honour to tell me, that whenever I became tired of Toul ſhe ſhould be happy to give me an opportunity of ſeeing more of Nancy than the ſhort time we were to ſtay there would admit of. Could I have accepted this invitation, without any impropriety towards the Baroneſs, it would have given me much ſatisfaction; never were two women of the ſame nation more different. The Marchioneſs's invitation to the Baroneſs aroſe from the houſe of the latter being always open to the Chevalier de Baſſompierre, her ſon, who was a captain in the regiment

giment Dauphin, conſequently reſident at Toul, and of all the Baroneſs's parties.

It was very evident that the Baroneſs was extremely poor; ſhe had even made me pay the expences of our excurſion to Nancy, and back, out of fifty pounds the Baron had got diſcounted for me there. She made me an offer of writing to an officer of the Baron's regiment at Lille, (Monſ. de Mondéfir) whom ſhe knew, to requeſt him to ſend my ring, which I had left there, and I gave her twelve guineas for that purpoſe. The ring, however, I never could ſee or hear of after. I wrote to Mrs. Watkins about it,

it, and ſhe aſſured me it had been given, as deſired, to Monſ. de Mondéſir, who probably ſent it to Toul, where it was confiſcated, with every thing elſe belonging to me, that the rapacious Baroneſs could lay hold of. The loſs of the ring grieved me ſenſibly, as it was a preſent I had received from my mother at the time of my marriage, and was given to her in remembrance of a departed friend, Mr. Simpſon, the late brother of Mrs. Wallace.

The Major of the regiment Dauphin (whoſe name I cannot recollect) looked a thouſand ſoft things at me. He was a ſenſible well-informed, elderly man. He ſpoke a very little Engliſh,

liſh, and that little I had ſome difficulty to comprehend. I underſtood, however, that he was the perſon who had let the Baron have the money on my note. He once endeavoured to tell me, that he wiſhed to ſee me out of that houſe; but the Baroneſs, who attentively watched us, forbade my ever ſpeaking or attending to a language that no one underſtood, and placed me in future next to herſelf or her ſon.

At length the day arrived, when, after I had ſacrificed weeks and months in perpetual diſquietude to the fallacious hope of being once in my life comfortably ſettled, I was to find

find my proſpects overthrown, and *that* with the additional aggravation of having the fault laid to myſelf.— The Baroneſs roſe one morning earlier than uſual, and ſent her woman to me while I was yet in bed, deſiring my immediate attendance in her room. I dreſſed myſelf in haſte, and waited on her. Several letters were laying on her table, one of which ſhe told me was from Monſ. de Mondéſir. She ſaid ſhe had written to him, as her old friend, that as he had been once a priſoner of war in England, ſhe had hoped he would be able to procure her every information there reſpecting *me*; that his anſwer was relative to the inquiries he had made

about my future ſettlement, which ſhe found would not by any means anſwer her expectations. I was not, ſhe ſaid, to receive any ſum of money that I might grant to the huſband of my ſecond marriage; neither had I any proviſion to make for future children. She added, that theſe motives could not have influenced her, after the exceſſive partiality ſhe had ſhewn me, had not Monſ. de Mondéſir likewiſe aſſured her, that I had, immediately after the Baron's departure from Lille, ſelected an officer of their own regiment to intrigue with. She then proceeded to aſk me how I and her ſon had dared to impoſe upon her a woman loſt to every claim of protection

tection in her own country, and who had disgraced herself in theirs?

Petrified with amazement, I could only answer, that with respect to my future settlement I knew nothing; that my pecuniary affairs were directed by an uncle, whom I loved, and that it must be to him, and not me, she must apply; but that as to what related to the officer I had intrigued with, by Monsr. de Mondésir's account, I could only say, *that* person was Mrs. Watkins's favoured friend, and had been constantly, on that account, in my society; that had he been base enough to boast of favours he had never received, he was unworthy the

affections of my friend; but admitting that there had, under theſe circumſtances, ſubſiſted a connection betwеen us, it was ſtrange I ſhould prefer leaving Lille to be near the Baron at Nancy, as the gentleman in queſtion poſſeſſed a much larger fortune than he did, which if I had, in caſe of his inconſtancy, preferred to my friend's peace, would have been fully ſufficient to make us both happy.

I requeſted that the Baron might be ſent for. He came, and a long altercation enſued; the end of which was, the Baroneſs's deſiring me to quit her houſe the next morning, and a prohibition to the Baron's accompanying

panying me. To the former part of this I cheerfully agreed; but the latter was what we would neither of us conſent to. I told her, that as I was many hundred miles from home, and a perfect ſtranger in that country, I ſhould requeſt the Baron's going with me as far as Calais. This, after ſome real or pretended diſpute between the mother and ſon, was agreed to, and the Baron ordered La Pierre to have his cabriolet in readineſs for us the next morning. He had ſold mine at Toul, and his own was too ſmall to convey my trunks; I left them, therefore, under the care of his *reſpectable* mother, and deſired her to forward

and direct them by the waggons to Monſ. Deſſein at Calais.

I felt that no compulſion was neceſſary to tempt me to leave this inhoſpitable houſe; my heart, on the contrary, was overjoyed at my releaſe, and I heartily deſpiſed the woman whom I had ever conſidered as my inferior in birth, in education, and, more than all, in ſentiment. I now, for the firſt time, mentioned my ideas of her to her ſon. Since my reſidence at Toul there had been a reſerve between us that had prevented my ſpeaking to him as the friend and companion of my future days; and I had more than once repented

pented my extreme confidence in his affection, from the manner I had obſerved both in his mother and himſelf.

We had no ſooner, however, left Toul than he regained what little he had loſt in my good opinion. He ſeemed ſenſible in the extreme of his mother's ill conduct towards me, and anxious to make me forget it in the unremitting attention of his own.

We arrived at Calais, and it ſeèmed our mutual wiſh to bring things to a ſpeedy concluſion in England, that our marriage might be haſtened. I wrote to my uncle Melliſh, and to

Mr.

Mr. Woodcock. From their anſwers it appeared that there had been a deficiency in the former witneſſes, and that it was neceſſary to procure others before the bill could be brought forward.

Other witneſſes came to Calais; the bill was found ineffectual, and thrown out, and nothing now remained for me but to ſubmit to my deſtiny, and deprecate my fate!

The Baron was in conſtant correſpondence with his mother: he repeatedly requeſted her to ſend my trunks, which, to our great ſurpriſe, did not arrive. At length he told me

that

that ſhe kept them to defray the expence of my having lived at her houſe. In them were many articles of value, and, among the reſt, two ſuits of lace, one of point, the other of Bruſſels, that I had received on my marriage. One of the trunks was the ſame, and containing the ſame effects, that Mr. Gooch had ſent me to Lille.

Before I entirely take my leave of the Baroneſs d'Arthaud, I wiſh to inform my readers who and what ſhe was. Her perſon I have already deſcribed. She had been the declared miſtreſs of the late King of Poland, whoſe picture in miniature, done by himſelf, ſhe had often ſhewn me. She

was

was ſkilled in the ways of courts, and an adept in the arts of hypocriſy. She had been handſome, and was not exempt from pride, but it was a pride that had degenerated into meanneſs, and which was ever ready to be ſacrificed to her intereſt. I have been informed, that ſoon after I left her an execution was put into her houſe, and ſhe was deprived of every thing but a ſmall annuity which the King had granted her when ſhe married, by his deſire, the late Count d'Arthaud, a creature of his own; and that ſhe was obliged afterwards to retire to a convent at Beaune in Champaigne, where ſhe had immured, previous to my knowing her, a daughter,

whom

whom ſhe diſliked, for the remainder of her life.

The Baron ſtaid with me at Calais till we were reduced to our laſt livre. An old military friend of the Baroneſs's, who had reſigned his commiſſion, and retired with his penſion and his croſs of St. Louis, reſided there, and to him the Baron applied. He told him that he remained there only for want of money; that as ſoon as my quarterly allowance became due, he ſhould leave me to join his regiment; but that in the intermediate time he was incurring debts that it might perhaps then be difficult for him to pay. The Baron himſelf related

lated to me this converſation; and added, that he had been obliged to promiſe the Chevalier he would leave me, in order to obtain his aſſiſtance towards freeing us from our preſent embarraſſments.

The Chevalier, knowing the time of being from his regiment was nearly elapſed, lent him fifty pounds on a note of mine, which he indorſed, and which was made payable to the Treaſurer of the regiment: it was then removed to Arras, between Lille and Calais. The Baron, not daring, after his mother's prohibition, to propoſe my going there, it was agreed that I ſhould go into the convent of Benedictines

dictines at Calais, where he paid twelve guineas for a quarter's penſion for me and an Engliſh maid, who had been brought over, at my deſire, by Mr. Cauo, the Courier to the Spaniſh Ambaſſador. He gave me alſo five guineas, and obſerved, that, as I was not aware of the ſort of people I ſhould meet with in a convent, who would make no ſcruple to obtain from me my money, watch, and other ornaments, he would, for their ſafety, as I ſhould not have occaſion for them there, keep them in his poſſeſſion till he ſhould reconcile his mother to our reunion, which he was reſolved, he ſaid, to do, or never ſee her more.

It was not difficult for him to perſuade me to give up every thing to him. It was impoſſible for me to ſuſpect that *he* too would deceive me! —When miſtruſt is not planted in our nature, it muſt be length of time and experience only that can teach us to guard againſt the world, and more particularly againſt thoſe for whom we entertain a regard! —There is an old maxim, which tells us, that "it "is neceſſary to treat a friend as if he "were one day to become an enemy;" but it never *yet* could enter *my* diſpoſition to do ſo; and I had rather, even now, live ſecluded from all human ſociety than conform to a rule ſo every way repugnant to a generous heart.

heart. Could I have done it in this inſtance, and, I am ſorry to ſay, in almoſt every inſtance of my life, I ſhould not have ſquandered ſome thouſands among beings whom I have ſtiled my friends, and who deſerved the appellation no better than the Baron.

I ſoon became heartily tired of the convent, and of every thing in it. An old nun, whoſe cell was oppoſite my window, died, and the next morning I heard of a veſſel that was going to ſail for England. The wind was fair; I had juſt money ſufficient to take me to London, and I reflected, that if I ſtaid at Calais till it was gone,

it would be ſome time before I ſhould receive more. All theſe were ſtrong temptations, and I determined to avail myſelf of the preſent opportunity. I quitted, with my maid, who was as much tired of it as myſelf, the holy benedictines that evening, leaving them to regale on the money paid for my penſion, and I wrote to the Baron previous to my ſailing, and aſſured him of my intended and ſpeedy return.

I went once more to Mrs. M'Donnell's, and wrote to my uncles, Mr. Melliſh, and Dr. Hallifax, the phyſician. In a few days they both called on me, and the latter offered to receive me in Albemarle Street, whither I went that night,

night, and ſtaid with him a fortnight both at his houſes in town, and country. Mr. Gooch, on finding I was under the protection of my uncle, wrote to deſire he would inform him what were my ſentiments, and the ſituation of my mind?—But I was at that time incenſed againſt Mr. Gooch, and my uncle aſſured me that it never was, or would be in future, his wiſh, or that of any of my family, for me to live with him again.

I was ſtill infatuated with the deſire, and, as I thought, the certainty, of being at length united to the Baron, and I unfortunatly received a letter from him to requeſt my immediate

return; I told my uncle that I had reſolved on it. In vain he made uſe of every argument to diſſuade me; all that the kindeſt and moſt friendly advice, the moſt affectionate entreaties, could offer, were thrown away upon me. I was miſled by error, I was deceived by promiſes on his ſide, and by a too ſcrupulous obſervance of my own, and preſerving ſtill a fatal prepoſſeſſion for that unworthy man, I ſacrificed once more proffered happineſs, and thus bade adieu to it for ever!

I requeſted my uncle to let me have money to go back to France. He told me that he would ſupply me with any thing

thing I wanted in England, but would not contribute one ſhilling towards my return. Soon after I had ſaid this to him he went out; and I wrote a letter to him, which I put on the table in his library. I had ordered my maid (whom he had objected to my keeping) to call on me frequently. On that day ſhe came, and I deſired her to return at four o'clock, when my wayward fate urged me to an act of which I have only once repented.

We went out of my uncle's houſe while the ſervants were at dinner, and got into a hackney coach at the end of the Street. The coachman aſked me where he was to drive?—I told

him any where; I had not a ſhilling in my pocket; neither knew I where to go!—At Mrs. M'Donnell's I was certain inquiries would be made; Simpſon, my attendant, recommended my going to Mr. Cauo's in Great George Street, who went regularly to France with diſpatches from the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, and whom ſhe thought very likely to procure me a paſſage there.

I told him how I was ſituated, and he mentioned it to the Secretary of the Embaſſy, who lived oppoſite to the Ambaſſador's houſe. The Marquis d'Almadovar was going over himſelf in the courſe of a few days. The Secretary lent me thirty pounds, and procured

procured my paſſage to France, (as it was during the war) under the Ambaſſador's paſſport, as belonging to his ſuite.

I had written to the Baron from London, and I apprized him of my arrival at Calais. He was then with his regiment at Arras. His anſwer was a very extraordinary one, and a proper reward for my confidence in his honour. He upbraided me with having ſpent money in England, (as I had informed him of the thirty pounds I had borrowed, and engaged to repay) which he ſeemed to forget was my own. Exaſperated at meeting with a reception ſo different from the one

I expected, and reflecting on the ſacrifices I had made to him, I wrote to deſire he would immediately ſend to me at Calais my watch, and the diamond rings he had taken, under pretence of keeping for me when I went into the convent. His reply was, that I had given them to him, and they were no longer his to return. I wrote once more to his mother; but I was equally unſucceſsful in that alſo, and thus ended my acquaintance with them both.

I ſtaid ſome time at Calais, and lodged in the houſe of Monſ. Bigourd, an attorney. The German regiment of La Marck, commanded by the Prince

Auguſte

Auguſte d'Aremberg, Count de La Marck, who was the proprietor of it, had arrived there during my abſence. I had ſeen it at Lille, but was ignorant of what the Prince afterwards told me, that he had noticed me there, and wiſhed to become acquainted with me; but hearing that I was on the point of being married to a French officer, he had declined making any overtures towards an acquaintance.

The Prince had a countenance that would have been handſome, had not the ſmall-pox committed ravages on it. His perſon was very elegant, and he had all the appearance of a man of faſhion. He was at this time juſt

turned

turned of twenty eight, and had been married ſix years. It was a match that had been made up by parents, and, excepting now and then, when the Prince viſited Paris on buſineſs for a few days, he never ſaw his wife, and but ſeldom heard from her. The firſt day that I ſaw him at Calais he ſhewed me a letter he had juſt received from the Miniſter, deſiring him to remove his regiment to Boulogne, which he intended doing very ſhortly. He engaged me to go with him there the next day; and as I liked the appearance of the town, and was flattered by the protection of the Prince, I was eaſily prevailed on by him to leave Calais, and to ſettle in a handſome

houſe

houſe that he took for me oppoſite the one he was to inhabit.

Here I paſſed during four months a very pleaſant time. The officers of La Marck were all particularly friendly and attentive to me, and the Prince frequently remarked to me the difference between a French and a German regiment. In the former, he ſaid, the officers would not reſpect any woman ſufficiently to abſtain from endeavouring to ſeduce her affections, even from their Colonel. Among the Germans ſuch a conduct towards any one would be eſteemed a violation of honour; and I was treated with as much reſpect

as

as if I had been deſerving of it, and was really married to their Prince.

I wore the uniform of the regiment, and rode conſtantly with him at the head of it when it went out to exerciſe. The band was uncommonly fine, and we had little concerts every evening.

The Prince took me with him to the camp at St. Omer, where he introduced to me the Duke de Chartres, (ſince Orléans) and every man of rank and faſhion there. The Duke ſupped with us; and the apartments we had at the inn were conſtantly crowd-

ed

ed with the firſt military men of many different nations.

The following day the Duke was requeſted to beſpeak the play, which he did; and perceiving the Prince lead me into a box full of officers that was much crowded, he very politely ſent one of his aid-de-camps to hand me into his own, which was ornamented with crimſon velvet, and every diſtinction that could have been paid the King. The Prince did not much approve my ſituation there, and I felt myſelf too much embarraſſed to lift up my eyes. The next morning his Serene Highneſs breakfaſted with us, and deſired I would mention the play

I wiſhed

I wiſhed him to beſpeak for that night; I did ſo, and he invited us to ſup with him after it; but as ſoon as the buſineſs of the field was over for the day, the Prince pretend to have received a letter from Boulogne reſpecting the regiment, which required his immediately returning there; and we ſet out the moment we had dined, without waiting for the play and the ſupper, at which I was mortified not a little.

The next morning the Commandant of Boulogne did me the honour to call at my houſe, (which, as I have already obſerved, was oppoſite to that of the Prince.) After many compliment and apologies, he proceeded to

inform me of the ſubject of his viſit. He had juſt, he ſaid, received intelligence of the arrival of the regiment of Royal Cavalérie that day at Boulogne from St. Omer, and as the houſe I inhabited was always one of thoſe deſtined for Commanding officers, it was neceſſary I ſhould quit it immediately, the regiment being expected at four o'clock. The Prince had rode over that morning to dine at Montreiul with the Prince de Hohenlohe, a Colonel of the regiment of Naſſau, who frequently came over to viſit us, for I ſeldom dined or ſupped but with him. I told the Commandant, that as the Count de la Marck had placed me in that houſe, I certainly would

not

not move out of it for any orders but his own; that at his return I would immediately quit it, if he thought proper; but that till he had expreſſed ſuch a deſire, no Commandant in the world ſhould turn me out.

At four the regiment arrived, and the colours were depoſited at my houſe. The Colonel came there, and behaved to me with ſuch extreme politneſs, that I told him as ſoon as the Prince returned, whom I expected early in the evening, I would deſire him to give orders that another houſe ſhould be taken for me; but to this the Count d'Avaux ſaid he would by no means conſent.

As ſoon as the Prince arrived, he went to the Count d'Avaux, and told him, that, for his convenience, I ſhould certainly remove, and go over the way to reſide entirely with him; but that he did this in conſequence of the Count's politeneſs to me, not as an act of compulſion. He went directly to the commandant to expoſtulate with him on the impropriety of his requeſt towards me during his abſence, in which the Count d'Avaux joined him.

The Count would not hear of my removal, and was polite enough to take up with the apartments in the houſe that I could ſpare him. It was agreed between the Colonels, that, they

ſhould always dine at the Prince's, and ſup at the Count's, in our houſe, which made it extremely pleaſant to us all, as we had conſtantly ſome of the officers of both the regiments at the tables, and it created an intimacy between them, which, without this affair, the Prince often told me would not have exiſted.

The Prince had at that time a law-ſuit with his brother, the Duke d'Aremberg, which, when decided, was to ſecure one of them in the reciept of fifty thouſand livres a year, in addition to their income. He repeatedly told me, that it was his intention to make me a ſettlement that

ſhould double my allowance of two hundred pounds per annum; and I as often aſſured him that I would not hear of it, unleſs he gained his ſuit, which it was the general opinion he ought in juſtice to do; but the ſuperior intereſt of the Duke prevailed, and the balance turned unfortunately in *his* favour.

Thus diſappointed in an object that went very near his heart, he petitioned the King of France (in whoſe ſervice his regiment then was) to order him to India; on his return from whence, if he DID return, he thought himſelf ſure of being created a Mar-

ſhal of France, as he was already a Grandee of Spain.

The King acceded to his wiſh, and all that remained of the regiment was embarked at Breſt for India. I ſay all that remained of it, for, to the unſpeakable amazement and vexation of the Prince, moſt of his officers deſerted him at this juncture; they were compoſed chiefly of Germans and Swedes; and as ſoon as the orders arrived at Boulogne for the embarkation, nineteen of the officers, headed by their Colonel in ſecond, the Baron Felix de Wimpffen, his old friend, whom he had conſtantly, and materially

ally ſerved, gave in their reſignation, and forſook him.

The Prince had ever treated me more as his boſom friend that his miſtreſs, (for ſeldom I believe miſtreſſes are friends)!—He came directly to me from the parade, where he had received theſe reſignations, and aſked me if I could conceive ſuch an event to be poſſible?—He was obliged, he told me, to ſet out for Paris that night, but promiſed to return and take me to Breſt, where we were to part; but inſtead of returning, he ſent orders for the regiment to march there immediately. He wrote me a moſt affecting letter, deſiring I would for-

give the deception he had made uſe of, in order to ſave us both additional miſery. He ſent me this letter, incloſed in another to his treaſurer, wherein he ordered him to pay me any ſum of money I might have occaſion for whatever.

Thus did I loſe a kind protector, whoſe fate I would gladly have followed, which it had been my intention to propoſe to him as ſoon as I reached Breſt; but if years have had the power to obliterate his love for me, his friendſhip is, I am well convinced, ſtill the ſame. I have not ſeen him ſince his return, but I have received many letters from him, replete

plete with affection and offers of future ſervice, of which, however, I have not once availed myſelf.

I returned to Monſ. Bigourd's at Calais, for I could no longer bear Boulogne — every object there ſerved as a memento of my loſs. I had been ſlightly acquainted with the Chevalier Du Meſnil: he was a Captain in the regiment of Berri, cavalerie, and a natural ſon of Louis the Fifteenth, by whom he had been handſomely provided for. This officer had dined at the Prince's table at Boulogne, and had been remarked by him for paying me particular attention. Soon after the regiment of La Marck was

gone, the Chevalier, fancying that bribery was a never-failing avenue to lead to a woman's heart, came to Calais, and made me ſome preſents of conſiderable value. Among them were an enamelled watch, and a toothpick caſe, enriched with brilliants, and a miniature picture of himſelf. He went to his houſe in Lorraine, and obtained from me almoſt a promiſe that I would join him there. At the time appointed for my ſetting out I found that my inclinations did not keep pace with my intereſt, and I ſent him the watch and toothpick caſe, with a letter expreſſive of my gratitude for his goodneſs, and my concern at not being able to reward

it. The Chevalier had ſent me twenty-five pounds for my journey, which I kept, knowing it could not inconvenience him.

The regiment of La Fere was then at Calais. The Chevalier de Beſſon, an officer belonging to it, whom I had ſeen alſo at Lille, was an inducement to me not to go into Lorraine.

About this time Mr. Woodcock ſent over other witneſſes; and they took with them to England a Frenchwoman, Monſ. Bigourd's cook, who not having properly received her inſtructions, or not having properly attended to them, was the means of the bill

bill being rejected in the Houſe of Lords, and all future hope of a ſecond marriage, either on Mr. Gooch's ſide or my own, was now totally excluded.

The Chevalier de Beſſon was going into Gaſcony to his father's, and I determined on changing the ſcene, and quitting the provincial towns of France for its capital. I accompanied him as far as Paris, where, after ſeeing me ſafely lodged in the Hotel de Condé, he left me.

The following day was the firſt on which France put on mourning for the Empreſs Maria Thereſa, the Queen's mother,

mother, without which, I was informed by the miſtreſs of the houſe, it would be impoſſible for me to appear. She recommended to me a milliner and a mantua-maker, and on the ſecond day I was properly equipped in deep mourning. I wiſhed to go about, but I knew not how or where. I had never been in Paris, and I was not, to my knowledge, acquainted, even by ſight, with any perſon in it. My hoſteſs, however, had me dreſſed agreeable to her inſtructions, put me in a chair, and ſent me into the pit at the opera, where ſhe told me it was cuſtomary for women to go alone, and ſo I afterwards found it, numbers

bers of them coming in and placing themſelves by me.

The curtain was juſt drawn up, and the contraſt between the amazing magnificence and ſplendour of that theatre and the ſtage dreſſes, with the large concourſe of people aſſembled, all dreſſed in the ſame ſable uniform with myſelf, together with the novelty of my ſituation, produced ſuch an effect on me as to make me giddy; and I was juſt conſidering how I ſhould riſe to return home, when I had the ſatisfaction to hear myſelf called by my name. It was the Baron Frantz de Wimpffen, one of the deſerting Captains of La Marck. At any other time

time I ſhould have felt too much offended to anſwer him; but at that moment every other idea gave place to the joy of being known. A tall, well-looking man, decorated with a red ribband and a ſtar, which I perceived to announce the order of St. Hubert, which the Prince had always worn, came and ſpoke to the Baron, and entered into a long converſation with me. The Baron whiſpered ſoon after, that he left me in good company, took his leave, and withdrew, after promiſing to call on me in the morning.

My new acquaintance began to aſk me ſeveral queſtions; and his inquiries

ries relative to my knowledge of the Baron and of his regiment led him to tell me that he was couſin to the Count de la Marck, on whoſe account he ſaid, as well as my own, he ſhould be happy to render me any ſervice in his power. He aſked my addreſs, which I gave him, and then handed me to a chair.

He was an early viſitor on the following day, and propoſed returning in the evening; but he did not tell me his name, neither did I aſk it. Soon after he was gone the Baron came in, and told me he had left me abruptly at the opera to give my new acquaintance an opportunity of ſpeaking to me,

me, whom I learnt from him was the Prince of Heſſe, the Landgrave of Heſſe-Rheinfels.

The Prince came early in the evening, and introduced to me the Marquis de Genlis, who accompanied him, and who was well known in the Pariſian annals of gallantry. The Marquis begged my acceptance of a rouleau containing fifty louis d'ors; and the next morning ſent an Abbé with inquiries after me, and an invitation to ſup at his houſe that evening. The Abbé ſaid that the Marquis adviſed me to write a note to Sir John Lambert, the firſt Engliſh banker in Paris, requeſting he would call

call on me, and have the goodneſs to recommend me to another hotel where I might be more conveniently lodged. I did ſo, and Sir John, who lived near me, came with great politeneſs immediately. He mentioned to me the Hotel de Chartres, in the rue Richelieu; but ſaid, though the apartments were extremely good, he would not wiſh me to go there, as a part of the houſe was inhabited by the Marchioneſs de Jaucourt, a woman of high rank, but a profeſſed gambler, who would not fail, he ſaid, to draw me into her acquaintance and ſociety, which, if I once gave into, would be my utter ruin.

I was ſecretly pleaſed with the idea of forming a female acquaintance, and particularly with a woman of faſhion: I therefore prevailed on Sir John, notwithſtanding his admonitions, (which I promiſed to follow) to accompany me to the Hotel de Chartres, where I immediately agreed with the landlord for the apartments, the ſame that had been occupied by Lady Barrymore, at twenty-five louis d'ors a month, and ſettled that I ſhould eſtabliſh myſelf there on the following day.

That evening I ſupped at the delightful houſe of the Marquis de Genlis, and as he lived at a great diſtance

from the hotel where I lodged, I accepted a bed there. It is impoſſible to convey, to thoſe who have not been in Paris, any idea of the magnificence of ſome of its dwellings, and this was one of them. Every ſpecies of luxury had been tortured in the invention—the curtains of the bed in which it was intended I ſhould ſleep were of blue ſatin, richly fringed with gold, and trimmed between theſe with puffs of white ſatin, filled with coſtly perfumes; the inſide of the bed's head was one entire piece of glaſs, richly framed; and at the top was a very beautiful painting, repreſenting two Cupids, the one with a pair of ſciſſars clipping the wings of the other,

and

and a motto, "*C'eſt ici où l'on ſe "fixe.*"

A gentleman in waiting led the way to this ſplendid apartment, whither the Marquis handed me; the former, after lighting profuſion of wax tapers, left the room with the Marquis, who wiſhed me a good repoſe, and ſent the houſekeeper; ſhe procured me a nightcap, more proper for the Queen than myſelf, and, at my requeſt, retired. As ſoon as ſhe was gone I amuſed myſelf in admiring the bedchamber and dreſſing-room, which was equally illuminated. When I had taken an ample ſurvey of this grandeur, and deſpiſed (perhaps

becauſe I could not reach) the fallacy of human vanity, I began to extinguiſh the lights: after I had compleated this, I prepared to get under the high down beds which were to inſure me a repoſe, far preferable, as I then conceived, to the peaceful bed and home-ſpun ſheets in which the labourer ſtretches his wearied limbs, and reaps the ſweet reward of cheerful induſtry — I was intoxicated with rich Tokay, and all the luxuries which ſurrounded me—I put out my laſt remaining taper, determined to ſurvey them with more minuteneſs in the morning.

But, alas! a few minutes only had encircled me in darkneſs, and ſleep

was

was juſt beginning to favour me, when all the tenants of the bed came forth to hail my arrival! — A thouſand, I may indeed ſay a million, of bugs covered me. The houſe was too large for me to hope to find a charitable neighbour; nor indeed did I conceive there was a bell in the room, (it being the cuſtom of the French nobility to have always a perſon in waiting ſleep in their anti-chamber); my light was all turned to darkneſs, and I had nothing to do but to lie and execrate my fate till the morning.

At an early hour the Marquis ſent to me, requeſting my attendance at breakfaſt in the Chineſe temple at the

end of his pleaſure garden — this was indeed magnificent!—In the room to which my conductor led me, after aſcending a long winding ſtaircaſe, I found him in an elegant undreſs at a table covered with the choiceſt fruits and wines, which were moſt rarely to be procured. Underneath was an aviary, inhabited, I am ſure, by a thouſand foreign birds, whoſe warbling animated the face of day, and tempted to forget the incroachers of the night. The Marquis obſerved that I looked heavy, and aſked me if any thing had diſturbed me? — I was never a courtier, nor a hypocrite, and I ventured to mention the bugs. He ſeemed offended, and ſaid it was

impoſſible; that it muſt be my fancy; and as I had not made uſe of the precaution of embalming their bodies in the perfumes which ſurrounded me, I had no other voucher for my authenticity than my word.

The old Marquis (for he was upwards of ſixty) politely offered to accompany me home; but as his toilet would have taken up too much time, and I was to change lodgings that evening, I contented myſelf with accepting his carriage, and returned to the Hotel de Condé.

The ſame evening I went to take

poſſeſſion of my new apartments, where I had not been many minutes before the Marchioneſs de Jaucourt ſent up one of her women with compliments of inquiry, and a requeſt that ſhe might call on me as ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed.

The Marchioneſs came, but not alone: ſhe was accompanied by two or three of her ſelect friends. The Prince of Heſſe ſoon joined us: a ſupper was ſent for; and by repeated invitations for the next day and many following ones, I found myſelf perfectly eſtabliſhed in Paris.

I had brought with me from Calais

an

an old Italian cook; I added an Italian valet-de-chambre, (of the name of Cabella), a French waiting woman, and an Engliſh one, whom I took from the Duc de Chartres' houſe at Mouſſeaux, an Engliſh footman, and a job coach, for which I was to give ſixteen louis d'ors a month. Madame de Jaucourt preſented me at the Venetian Ambaſſador's, and at every polite gaming houſe in Paris: ſhe was on an intimate footing with the Prince de Salm, couſin to the Landgrave of Heſſe, who was my favourite, and who introduced at my houſe his two brothers, the Prince Charles, and the Prince Chretien, an Abbé; together with the Viſcount de Choiſeul, and

many

many more. My apartments ſoon became the rendezvous of almoſt every foreigner of diſtinction in Paris, which was then entirely deſerted by my countrymen, as it was during the war, and thoſe of any conſequence were returned home.

The Carnival approached. Madame de Jaucourt had initiated me into all her parties, and accuſtomed me to her hours — we were up all night, and in bed all day. The Carnival introduced the maſqued balls every evening. We attended the three firſt, which had conſtantly detained us in the Opera rooms till daylight, when it was our cuſtom to follow

low our party to the houſe of one or other belonging to it, there to partake of a *déjeuné* or breakfaſt, which generally laſted till ten or twelve o'clock; we then came home and went to bed; aroſe towards evening, drank our coffee, and began dreſſing for a repetition of the night.

In three of theſe I had joined without intermiſſion, and with no ſmall difficulty. On the third day I returned home ſo much exhauſted by fatigue, that, after pulling off my domino, I threw myſelf into bed with my clothes on. I had not been there many minutes, when one of my women came into my room, and told me a gentle-

man

man from England was waiting to ſpeak to me on urgent buſineſs. I aroſe, and deſired he might be ſhewn into my bedchamber. The gentleman came in, and informed me his name was Woodcock, and that he was nephew to Mr. Woodcock, of Lincoln's Inn. He had been in ſearch of me, he ſaid, both at Calais and Boulogne, and had met with ſome difficulty in finding me at Paris. He ſolicited my ſigning a long paper, the contents of which I never looked at. I invited him to ſtay dinner, which he declined, pleading the neceſſity of inſtant return, and as ſoon as I had written my name he diſappeared, and I returned to my bed,

totally

totally regardleſs of what I had done. —I became acquainted with Mrs. Elliott, who lived at the Hotel de Chartres, very near me: at her houſe I frequently met the Duke de Chartres and the Duke of Fitz-James; the latter was very attentive to me, which, in the end, created a ſhyneſs between Mrs. Elliott and myſelf, to whom he had firſt paid his vows.

I ſoon found myſelf conſiderably in debt, which I never thought of until my purſe became drained to the bottom; for while no creditor tormented me, and there was a louis to be found *there*, I was wholly incapable of reflection: it became, however, neceſſary

neceſſary to extricate myſelf. My French attendant, by name Olivier, told me that ſhe had formerly waited on the Counteſs of Madriager, a Spaniſh lady of fortune, and a widow, who had been in Paris, and lived with the Attorney General, Monſ. de Séguir; but having unhappily attached herſelf to the Chevalier de Jean, (nephew of Monſ. de Chalut, a rich farmer general) Monſ. de Séguir had forſaken her, and ſhe had returned to Madrid, where the Chevalier had accompanied her, and where ſhe privately married him, taking Olivier with her.

Monſ. de Séguir kept up a correſpondence

ſpondence with her, and, ignorant of her marriage, propoſed her returning to Paris. She ſet out, with a little girl ſhe had by her firſt huſband, together with the Chevalier and Olivier. She died very ſuddenly on the road, and Olivier had every reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe was poiſoned. He gave Olivier money enough to defray the child's and her expences to Paris, and after poſſeſſing himſelf of all her jewels and effects, which were very conſiderable, he took another road, and did not return there till many months after.

This was Olivier's ſtory to me. She added,

added, that the Attorney General had been for a long time inconſolable at the Counteſs's death, and the manner of it. She was convinced, ſhe ſaid, that, on my making application to him, he would befriend me; but that it muſt be under the condition that I would never aſſociate with the Chevalier de Jean, with whom unfortunately Madame de Jaucourt was at that time particularly intimate.

The next morning Olivier introduced to me the Attorney General. He confirmed all ſhe had ſaid about her former lady. He was neither young nor handſome — the Chevalier was both, and I had been frequently

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in his company when with the Marchioneſs; indeed he always made one of our parties.

Monſ. de Seguier immediately paid all my debts, and preſented me with a very handſome gold ſnuff-box and a hundred louis d'ors. He told me, that if, through my acquaintance with the Chevalier de Jean, I could prevail on him to relinquiſh a very ſuperb watch and chain, ornamented with brilliants, which he had given to the Counteſs of Madriager, and on both which was his cypher in diamonds, that I might promiſe him the double of their value, and, moreover, keep them myſelf. So far was this

good old man wrong in his calculation; for it ſhould have occurred to him, that, in order to endeavour to obtain them, it was more than probable I ſhould undeſignedly forward an intimacy with Monſ. de Jean, whom I had ſeen hitherto but as a common acquaintance.

The artful Chevalier, and his equally artful friend, the Marchioneſs, had no ſooner diſcovered the Attorney General's views than they determined that not only the watch and chain ſhould remain quietly in his poſſeſſion, but that he ſhould be poſſeſſed of my ſnuff-box alſo: this would alike anſwer the purpoſe of perplexing

ing him and of duping me. They introduced me to his uncle, Monſ. de Chalut, whoſe houſe was the ſeminary of luxury and vice. The Chevalier ſucceeded in his project, and under pretence of one day borrowing the box, he kept it, and wrote an inſolent letter to the Attorney General to boaſt of it, who could never be prevailed on to ſee me more.

I was ſoon more involved than at firſt. All my great friends expreſſed their concern for my ſituation, but not one of them would relieve it— indeed the Marchioneſs had never a ſhilling at her command. I was every morning peſtered with the clamours

of a *traiteur* to whom I owed fifteen louis, and for which he repeatedly threatened to arreſt my perſon and ſeize my effects. After ſeveral fruitleſs ſolicitations, he at length ceaſed to perſecute me, and I ſuppoſed under the idea of having no farther hope. I was making this remark one morning to my old Italian cook—the good creature then told me that I ſhould never be troubled by him again, for that ſhe had paid him out of the money ſhe had ſaved in her laſt place, from whence I had taken her, where ſhe had lived upwards of twenty years with the Treaſurer of the regiment of La Fére, whom I knew, and whom ſhe had quitted on his marriage. She added,

added, that, had ſhe been poſſeſſed of the means of thus diſcharging all my debts, ſhe would have done it with the ſame pleaſure.

Olivier made another application to the Attorney General. He diſcharged my carriage and three of my ſervants; the cook and my Engliſh maid Elizabeth I kept; but in his reſolution of not ſeeing me he conſtantly perſiſted.

I ſent to the Prince of Heſſe, and he came immediately; but on finding that the Attorney General had put a ſtop to my expences, inſtead of continuing to ſupport them, he took his

leave, desiring me to inform him wherever I went, and promising that he would next day send me a fresh supply of money; but I never saw or heard from him after—his picture in miniature was all the remembrance of him I ever had.

I went to lodge at the less expensive Hotel de la Reine, rue du Boulvir, where I formed a new set of acquaintance. I had received presents of considerable value from many of my former ones—a watch and beautiful gold fillagree chain set with brilliants from the Prince de Salm; from these I was obliged to make a temporary separation to supply present exigencies,

gencies, as I had now no one to apply to.

A gentleman, one of the guards of *Monſieur*, the King's brother, lodged in the ſame hotel with me: he had a female friend, with whom I became acquainted, and whom I found to be poſſeſſed not only of accompliſhments, but of the rare gift of an excellent heart—ſhe ſaw me, ſhe pitied me, and ſhe really loved me. When the time arrived for this officer's doing duty at Verſailles, (which was by the month together) they propoſed my going there with them, and as I had never ſeen that renowned palace, I was happy in the opportunity of

doing ſo. I was indeed tranſported with its magnificence; ſo much ſo, that I determined to reſide there.

With this intention I returned to the Hotel de la Reine to diſcharge what I owed, and to return to Verſailles, which I did, attended by my two female ſervants. After I had been ſhewn every thing that firſt attracts a ſtranger's notice and ſurpriſe, I experienced great delight in my walks round its magnificent gardens. The ſummer was far advanced, and I ſallied forth every evening with my dog and a book, and ſat down on one of the marble ſeats which ornament thoſe beautiful groves. It was a mat-

ter

ter of aſtoniſhment to me that I could enjoy theſe walks in as perfect a ſolitude as if they had been my own excluſive property. The Pariſians have no taſte for rural pleaſures, and the beauties of nature are deſpiſed, while thoſe of art only are admired and improved. The only perſons who ever frequented Verſailles were thoſe who were obliged to do ſo from their attendance at Court, and as ſoon as that was over they hurried back again to Paris: thoſe who, in their turn, were ſtationed there, were never to be ſeen out of their apartments in the Palace, and Verſailles reſembled more a beautiful deſert than the habitation of a (then mighty) King.

The

The officer whom I have mentioned introduced to me ſeveral more; among theſe was the Chevalier Péliſſon de Valanciſe, who at the beginning of the following autumn prepared to return home under a ſix-months leave of abſence, and propoſed my going with him: I did ſo, leſs out of inclination than from a perfect indifference to what became of me. I redeemed my things, bought an Engliſh poſt chaiſe for the journey, and rewarded my old cook, who took a fruit ſhop at Verſailles—my maid Elizabeth accompanied me.

It was about the middle of autumn in the year 1790 when we ſet forward on

on our journey, and, after traverſing the moſt delightful parts of France at the ſeaſon when the vintages were gathering, arrived at his houſe near Vienne in Dauphiny.

It was large, old, and ruinous, ſituated on the borders of the mountains of Savoy. I lived there in perfect retirement about four months, and then went to Lyons, twelve leagues from it. Here I gained admiſſion into the beſt company, and I might have lived there very well had I choſen it, if a Mrs. Brown, (a daughter of Mr. Tucker, the brewer at Calais, whom Mr. Brown, a gentleman of Ireland, had married) with eager offi-

cioufneſs, told all ſhe knew about me, with many kind additions of her own invention, and at length precluded me from enjoying the ſociety of the circle I was in. Mrs. Brown (as if her acquired conſequence could derive any emolument from injuring me) took the trouble to write to Madame de Fleſſelles, the wife of the Commandant at Lyons, (who ſince came to ſo untimely and dreadful an end) to repreſent to her the impropriety of my making one of her parties, and having a chair in her box at the theatre; Monſ. de Fleſſelles, in conſequence of my fair countrywoman's letter, called on me, and told me, with the utmoſt politeneſs, that the

the ſituation and connections of the foreigners who reſided at Lyons were a matter of no importance to Madame de Fleſſelles or himſelf; and that for any injury done me I muſt thank Mrs. Brown, not the natives of the town.

After this humiliation, I was happy to embrace the opportunity of going to Switzerland in company with Mr. Weſtrop and Dr. Weſtrop, who lodged in the ſame hotel with me, and whoſe ſociety amply compenſated, during the ſhort time I remained there, for the indignities with which Mrs. Brown had endeavoured to load me. Although I never was of a re-

vengeful

vengeful temper, I could not help feeling and expreſſing pleaſure on being afterwards informed that Mrs. Brown had received many ſlights from the inhabitants of Lyons. The French are fond of *birth* in the extreme; and finding, on inquiry, that ſhe was the Brewer's daughter of Calais, they continued only to ſhew her civility, as being raiſed to the rank of a gentleman's wife.

I took with me a little boy of about ten years old, a brother of the Chevalier de Valanciſe, whom he had entruſted to my care, and my faithful Elizabeth, and I accompanied my two friends to Switzerland.

We

We determined on going through Piedmont, and on ſleeping the firſt night at Pont Beau-Voiſin; but when we reached the inn there, we found it ſo intolerably bad, that, although late in the evening, and againſt the remonſtrances of the innkeeper, (whom we concluded to be arguing for the ſake of his intereſt) we reſolved on reaching the next ſtage, which was called Les Trois Echelles, or Three Ladders.

But we ſoon repented our temerity — nothing could exceed the horrors of that road. We were in two ſeparate carriages, to which horſes and oxen were yoked in abundance.

The

The mountains were nearly perpendicular. To our right were tremendous precipices; at the bottom of them was a river we could ſcarcely diſcover, and a very low parapet wall bordered the road, which preſerved us from falling down more from appearance than ſtrength. The road was cut out in theſe rocks, and ſo extremely narrow as hardly to admit of the breadth of a carriage. To our left were mountains, whoſe heads were loſt in the clouds, and from the top of which ran foaming cataracts, which croſſed the road, and deſcended into the labyrinth beneath. Night came on, and added horror to the already-dreadful ſcene. We ſat in ſtupid

ſtupid ſilence, not daring to ſpeak to each other. At length I collected courage enough to aſk the poſtillions, in French, if we were far from any houſe?—They anſwered in a kind of Italian jargon that none of us could underſtand.

About eleven we reached the houſe they called an inn, where we were to put up for the night. We could procure nothing but eggs, and very bad accommodations; but we comforted ourſelves with the idea of going early the next morning to ſee the Grande Chartreuſe, which was only three leagues from thence. When we aroſe and looked around us, we conceived

that we were buried in the Alps, for nothing elſe appeared on every ſide. We ordered the carriages to be got ready, and on being told that no women were permitted to enter this auſtere monaſtery, I dreſſed myſelf in Mr. Weſtrop's clothes, a deception frequently made uſe of; but juſt as we were going to ſet out a courier arrived belonging to the King of Sardinia: he brought orders that no poſt horſes ſhould be made uſe of till the Grand Duke and Ducheſs of Tuſcany, then on their road to France, had reached the frontiers of his dominions. Thus diſappointed, we had the mortification of waiting at the inn to behold the arrival and departure of theſe

great

great perſonages, and to remain there till their horſes returned; which when they did, we were ſufficiently tired of our abode to make uſe of immediately, and proceed to Chambery, wholly indifferent to what had the day before excited all our curioſity, the ſight of the Grande Chartreuſe.

At Chambery we found an excellent inn, Les Quatre Nations, (or Four Nations) and were ſingularly ſtruck with the civility of its inhabitants. To the politeneſs of Courts they unite the ſimplicity and manners for which the ancient Swiſs were formerly remarkable, but which in the poliſhed towns of Geneva and Lauſanne are

wholly thrown aſide, and have given way to the depravity and extortions of the French, their neighbours.

After viewing and admiring the pretty town of Chambery, we left it on the following day, and proceeded to Geneva. We ſtaid two days at the Balance d'Or, and then went to the more deſirable ſituation of Sicheron, about half a league from the town, where is an excellent inn, in the Engliſh taſte, kept by Dejean.

So much has been written and ſaid of this charming country by able pens, that it would be preſumption in me to attempt to deſcribe it. The Lake

of

of Geneva is wonderful, and conveys the idea of old Ocean having preſented Switzerland with his picture in miniature. We ſtaid here ſome days, and then went forward to Lauſanne, near which we hired a ſeat called Belle-Vue, and never was the name ſo juſtly applied!—From our terrace we could command the proſpect of upwards of thirty towns and villages, of which the vines covered the tiles, and the lake waſhed the walls: with the help of a glaſs we diſcovered (or thought we could diſcover) the two extremities of the lake. To our right was the noble mountains of Jura; at the bottom, from the declivity of our garden, was the lake, three leagues

oppoſite were the awful and barren mountains of Savoy. On our ſide of the lake nature diſplayed all her beauties, and on the other all her horrors. Fronting us were the rocks of Meillerie, and that pointed one, ſo beautifully and pathetically deſcribed by the divine Rouſſeau in a letter from St. Preux to Julia, which he concludes with theſe words:—"You have heard "of the rock of Lewatia, the laſt ſad "refuge of deſpairing lovers — the "place I am in bears but too cloſe a "reſemblance — the rock is craggy, "the water deep, and I am in de-"ſpair!"

From

From hence we went on a little tour, in which we were joined by Mr. M'Donall, the preſent member of Parliament. We ſtaid two days at the pretty, but dull town of Berne, and there croſſed the Lake of Thun; we were obliged to leave our carriages on this ſide of it, and aſcended the ſtupendous mountains in a cart kept for that purpoſe. We viſited the wonderful caſcade of Haubbach, and the Glacieres of Grindelwald. No writer, however able, can convey an idea of the Alps, and the united wonders of Switzerland; to comprehend them, they muſt be ſeen.

After paſſing ten or twelve days in

this delightful excurſion, we returned to Belle-Veu, from whence we frequently croſſed the lake, and viſited a town in Savoy, called Evian, where numbers of people of every nation aſſemble each ſummer, and it has obtained the appellation of the Little Spa. In this pleaſant country there is no maſter of the ceremonies required to regulate the laws of Society; every perſon of a decent appearance is well received there; and if the frequenters of Evian have any ill-nature in their compoſition, or a taſte for detraction, they muſt leave thoſe qualities behind them. There is no diſtinction paid to rank or precedency; every one is on the ſame footing, and no impertinent

nent queſtions are aſked concerning who or what they are. My morning walks from thence were generally directed to the rocks of Meillerie, from whence I gazed penſively down on the little peaceful town of Vevag; Rouſſeau's Eloiſa was my conſtant companion in them; and often did my heart vibrate to the ſorrows of theſe faithful and unfortunate lovers! Mr. M'Donall ſtaid with us ſome time, and then left us to go to Spa, which place I intended viſiting, when the Mr. Weſtrops ſet out on their intended tour through Germany. I requeſted of Mr. M'Donall to take me a lodging there about that time. A few days previous to our intended and ſeparate

perate journies, we croſſed the lake to go to Evian to take leave of ſome very pleaſant acquaintance we had formed there. On returning home the next evening I found myſelf ſuddenly ſeized, on the water, with a very violent ſore throat; it increaſed ſo rapidly before morning, that we ſent for Monſ. Tiſſot, the well-known phyſician at Lauſanne. Mr. Tiſſot, after examining my throat, pronounced it to be an ulcerated one, of the worſt kind; he ſaid, that it was neceſſary to apprize me of this, that I might regulate my motions; for that if I could not ſtay at Lauſanne, in order to give him time ſufficient to effect a cure, he would adviſe me to

loſe

loſe no time, but go either to Paris or London as ſoon as poſſible.

I wrote Mr. M'Donall word of this, and that I was ſetting out for Paris immediately, whither I knew he intended going; I quitted Belle-Vue, attended by Elizabeth only; but the diſorder gained ground ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible for me to proceed farther than Langres, a ſmall town in Champaigne, as a fever came on, and rendered me delirious. Elizabeth wrote this to Mr M'Donall, who had the goodneſs to leave Spa inſtantly, and join me there.

A former phyſician of the late King

of France fortunately reſided at Langres, and although he had declined practice, attended me with uncommon aſſiduity; by means of laudanum, he procured me ſleep and temporary eaſe. On Mr. M'Donall's arrival, he inſiſted on my being carried into the carriage, and reaching Paris as faſt as poſſible, that I might have the firſt advice.

Before we got there, I had loſt my ſpeech, and could not ſwallow any thing. I was obliged to write whatever I wiſhed to ſay; immediately on our arrival, I ſent a note to the Duke de Chartres, requeſting he would be kind enough to ſend me his phyſician, whom

whom I knew to be an Iriſhman, of the name of Fitzgibbon; he approached, I thought, the neareſt to the Engliſh faculty, for I dreaded the idea of the French: he called in Dr. Macmahon, of the Military School, and as many more as he could collect in Paris; but inſtead of recovering me, they treated me ſo extremely ill, that after they had exhauſted every violent preſcription, and I was conducted by them to the gates of death, they agreed, at length, that my diſorder baffled their art, and aſſured Mr. M'Donall that it was impoſſible I ſhould live.

We lodged in an hotel near the Luxembourg, which *Monſieur*, the King's

King's brother, inhabited whenever he came to Paris. I recollected that I had, during my reſidence at Verſailles, been acquainted with Monſ. Gauttier, who had been firſt ſurgeon to Louis the Fifteenth, and now filled that place with *Monſieur*, who never ſtirred from Verſailles to Paris without him. I wrote on a piece of paper to M'Donall (for I ſtill could not ſpeak) that I was deſirous of being laid acroſs the coach, and ſlowly conducted to Verſailles; he went to give orders for it, and at that moment ſaw *Monſieur* arrive. On going to Luxembourg, he found Mr. Gauttier, who, after aſking permiſſion of *Monſieur*, immediately accompanied him to me.

I was

I was at this time in ſo reduced a ſtate, that I could not be moved from my bed to a ſofa without having fainting fits, which ſometimes laſted ſeveral hours; and many times I have heard all thoſe around me ſay that I was dead, without being able, by opening my eyes, to aſſure them of the contrary.

As ſoon as Monſ. Gauttier ſaw me, he pronounced me to be in immediate danger, and that it would be impoſſible for me to live eight days, if I continued under the directions of thoſe people. I requeſted to have them all turned off, and put myſelf ſolely under his direction. So far

from

from loading me with medicines, he preſcribed nothing more than aſſes milk, which was put down my throat by tea-ſpoonsful, and repeated at almoſt every hour of the day.

On the one preceding that on which he ſaw me they had endeavoured to bleed me in each arm; but my natural terror of that operation, and my faintings having prevented the blood from flowing, they opened a vein in my foot with as little ſucceſs. They had, by fumigations, and other applications of the moſt violent kind, deprived me of my ſenſes. In ſhort, they had entirely miſtaken my diſorder; and Monſ. Gauttier frequently

declared that he conſidered my recovery as a miracle.

I grew better, by extreme ſlow degrees, at Verſailles, whither we went to be near my good Eſculapius, and when that was effected, but not before, Mr. M'Donall left me to return to Scotland. To his tender care I ſhould be indeed indebted, if the preſervation of my life had inſured me one future comfort. I have never been in very good health ſince that violent ſhock my conſtitution received, when much money was expended to continue ſtill longer a wretched exiſtence!

After paſſing ſome time at Verſailles, I returned to Paris, and to my former lodgings at the Hotel de la Reine. I made many freſh acquaintance, and renewed ſome old ones: I got into difficulties again, and was ſoon as much involved as I had ever been. A gentleman, who was introduced to me by the name of Anderſon, and called himſelf by birth an Engliſhman, had ſometimes viſited me as a diſtant acquaintance, in company with many others: he kept a carriage, which he frequently lent me; gave elegant ſuppers, and lived in Paris as a man of large fortune.

I did not know what to do, and concluded

concluded that my family had entirely forſaken me, when I was ſurpriſed one morning by receiving the viſit of an Engliſhman. He ſaid he came from Lady Galway, then in Paris, who had given him directions to find me out, and to inquire into the ſtate of my affairs. When I had explained them to him, he took his leave, with a promiſe of returning the next morning, which he did, and, in compliance with my aunt's orders, he liberated all my effects, and brought me a ſufficient ſum of money to enable me to return to England, or to go where I pleaſed. I anxiouſly longed to behold once more the white cliffs of Dover, and prepared to ſet out a

few days after I knew that my aunt was to leave Paris.

Mr. Anderſon, to whom I mentioned my intention, begged I would defer my journey for three or four more, when he ſaid he intended coming over himſelf, and ſhould be happy to accompany me. He ſaid he was well known at Oſborne's in the Adelphi, where he could procure me a comfortable lodging, and any thing in London that I might want.

I could never perſuade him to ſpeak Engliſh with me. At length he acknowledged that he was a Canadian, bred up in France, and ſaid his father

was a man of fortune in Quebec. To confirm the truth of what he advanced, he ſhewed me a large packet of letters that he had brought from America, directed to different people of conſequence in London.

In company with this Mr. Anderſon I began my journey — my poor Elizabeth was too ill to come with me, and I was obliged to leave her in Paris, where I have been informed ſhe ſoon afterwards died. I took with me a little French girl, who was the ſource of much diſquiet to me, and a French valet, whom I had hired ſome weeks before.

We came to Oſborne's Hotel, where my fellow traveller was really known, and who had relinquiſhed the name of Anderſon for that of Cugnet, which he aſſured me was his real one, but that, in order to avoid his father's hearing of his ſtay in Paris, he had adopted the other.

I had not been there many days before Mademoiſelle Le Grand diſappeared, and as ſhe was a perfect ſtranger in England, and quite unacquainted with the language, I was under great anxiety on her account: I knew her to be artleſs and unſuſpecting — ſhe had never been from the palace of the Princeſs de Condé, where her father

ther was coachman, till ſhe came to me. This imprudent and ignorant man had entruſted her to my care, without foreſeeing, any more than myſelf, the danger.

She ſtaid away two days, and then returned to me, falling on her knees, and exhibiting every token of deſpair. She prevailed on me, by her ſorrow, to change the reſolution I had taken of ſending her back to her friends.— I had been at Oſborne's about ſix weeks when I called in my bill, and found that it far exceeded any ſum I could command within the twelvemonth. My intention being to return to France, I had not embraced any opportunity

of renewing old friends in England, or of courting new ones; the only one with whom I aſſociated was the pretty Mrs. Coghlan, who then lived with Mr. Fazakerley, and went by his name.

To Mrs. M'Donnell I now ſent, and ſhe came to me immediately. She ſettled Oſborne's account; for which I gave her in return as many drafts on my banker as were neceſſary to liquidate that debt and ſeveral other things I owed her.

I next went to a lodging in Half-moon Street. Here I formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Mahon, by means

means of a dinner given near Hyde-park Corner, which was the means of introducing to me a perſon of the other ſex, of whoſe liberality I had afterwards many proofs.

I had inſiſted on Mr. Cugnet and the French valet (whom I had diſcharged, and he had taken) troubling me no more; when, to my great ſurpriſe, they both called on me one morning, and the latter preſented me with a bill for twenty pounds, which he pretended to have expended for me in Paris, in powder, pomatum, &c., but which, as I had never received any previous intimation of, I refuſed to pay. They choſe a day

when they knew that the perſon I have alluded to was to be engaged neceſſarily at home for ſeveral hours; they then brought bailiffs and arreſted me.

I kept a carriage, which was at that moment fortunately in waiting at the door. As I was too much alarmed and affected to be capable of giving any directions myſelf, my coachman, perceiving what was the matter, had the good ſenſe to drive off with the coach to Mrs. M'Donnell, who immediately returned in it. She adviſed me to ſubmit to go to a ſpunging houſe, where Mr. M'Donnell would bail me; not wiſhing me

to pleaſe thoſe wretches, who had combined together for the ſole purpoſe of extorting money. But I was *then* unacquainted with a priſon, and ſo very fearful of one, that ſhe paid the money, and was reimburſed the ſame evening by the friend in queſtion.

I left Half-moon Street, that I might avoid the farther perſecutions of theſe villains, and went to paſs a day at Wincheſter with Mrs. Watkins, who then lived there.

At my return I took a lodging in South Molton Street, where I led a life of expenſive diſſipation among worthleſs

worthleſs acquaintance: the conſequences of this ſtep were, my ſacrificing this *beſt friend*, and who was indeed the only true one I ever found in *an Engliſhman*. He left me for a few weeks to go to France on buſineſs; and I am ſorry to ſay, that, inſtead of acceding to the remonſtrances of his diſintereſted affection and kind admonitions, I devoted myſelf to the votaries of falſe pleaſure, and on his return forfeited his affection.

The name of this perſon I have declined mentioning, and for this only reaſon: — he is now married to an amiable woman, and the father of a family;

family; but he will probably recogniſe himſelf in theſe pages, and will, I truſt, accept the debt of gratitude which I was then too much diſſipated to pay.

I was one evening at Covent-Garden theatre, where I diſcovered the Marquis de Luſignan, Colonel of the regiment of Orleans, Infanterie, and couſin to Madame de Jaucourt; I had known him in Paris, and he ſeemed much pleaſed to meet me in London: He was in company with an old genman, whoſe eyes were conſtantly directed towards me. The next morning the Marquis called on me, and introduced this gentleman, who was the

the Duc de Bouillon. A few days previous to that I had formed an acquaintance with the Honourable Col. N——; nor could any Duke on earth have tempted me to give him a moment's pain; but, alas! I never could ſacrifice my happineſs to my intereſt; neither did I deceive the Duke by flattering him that I would do ſo. Had I, in this inſtance, requited the uncommon partiality this nobleman entertained for, and continued to ſhew me, I might be now a happy woman, if the idea of happineſs is to be annexed to a ſtate of grandeur, in which the heart bears no part.

I lived

I lived in a ſtile of elegance, which it would have required two thouſand pounds, inſtead of two hundred pounds a year, to ſupport. I took a houſe in Cork Street, and hired more ſervants; I had ſeveral acquaintance, whom, as I was ſtill deluded, I concluded to be my friends, particularly the one to whom I entirely devoted myſelf, and whom I had conceived to be really attached to me; his futute conduct proved that he was not. Mrs. Mahon was my only female acquantance.

Mr. Robert Mahon, then belonging to Covent Garden theatre came frequently

frequently to my houſe; he requeſted, one night, that I would let him ſleep there, which he did in a room adjoining to mine. The next morning the bailiffs came and arreſted him before I was up. Mr. Mahon knew me well enough to be convinced that I would not ſee him, or any other perſon, taken from thence to a jail, while I poſſeſſed the power of relief: he aſſured me that his debts did not altogether amount to ſixty pounds. I ſent for Mr. Lewis, who came to me, but who declined rendering him any aſſiſtance; I went to him at the ſpunging-houſe, and promiſed to reſcue him; I pawned my diamond watch chain for eighteen guineas, and collected

lected beſides all the money I poſſibly could; when I returned there, I found that freſh detainers were every hour lodging againſt him. As I had began with this buſineſs, I reſolved to go through with it, and, under pretence of being detained there myſelf, wrote to the Duc de Bouillon, and exhauſted every reſource I had left, till my friends, diſcovering what I was about, all with one conſent forſook me. I have often ſince reflected that it was extraordinary the bailiffs came to the knowledge of his being in my houſe, the only time he had ever ſlept there.

I had ſeveral debts of my own, which now threatened to fall with re-

doubled force upon me. I ſucceeded in releaſing Mr. Mahon, but I found myſelf ruined by it. I could take no other meaſures than to return to France: I diſpoſed of my coach, let my houſe, and diſmiſſed all my ſervants, excepting Mademoiſelle Le Grand. The following is a liſt of the remaining articles which I pledged at Mr. Parker's, in Prince's Street, previous to my ſetting out:—

A pair of pearl bracelets, with gold enamelled ſliders.

A pair of large gold medallions, for bracelets.

A gold-

A gold-beaded watch, a large gold-beaded chain to ditto, ſeveral ſeals, and trinkets.

A blue enamelled gold watch.

A gold chain with a topaz medallion, ſeals, and trinkets.

A ſmall gold enamelled watch, ſet round with pearls, (belonging to the diamond chain.)

An emerald ring ſet round with brilliants.

A diamond hoop ring.

A very large ring, ſet round with pearls.

A garter hair ring, with diamond buckle.

A gold-bead chain for the neck.

Mr. Weſtrop's picture, elegantly ſet in gold, belonging to it.

On all theſe (independent of the diamond chain) I received from Mr. Parker but thirty pounds. The pearl bracelets, the emerald ring, and the hoop ring, were all that I had ſaved from the ornaments I had received on my marriage; the bracelets Mr. Gooch had

had bought me, and ſent to Lille, after taking off my father's and mother's pictures which were to them, and which I have never been able to obtain ſince.—The emerald ring was a gift of Mrs. Methuen's, and had belonged to the firſt Lady Gooch; and the hoop ring I had received on a fatal day, in St. George's church. I had been frequently obliged, in my diſtreſſes abroad, to make a temporary uſe of them; but nothing could have perſuaded me entirely to part with them for ten times their value. The other things were all the gifts of the Duc de Bouillon, and Mr. Weſtrop.

To compleat my downfal, Mr. Gooch at this time informed me, by a letter from Mr. Woodcock, that the education of the children becoming more expenſive, he had determined on taking from me fifty pounds a year, during four years; that at the end of that time an eſtate of his own, in Norfolk would be diſengaged, and he would reſtore it to me. This is all the change that has taken place with regard to my income ſince our ſeparation, which was to have been doubled by the ſale of my eſtates, as I was informed previous to my ſigning the paper at Mr. Woodcock's.

I re-

I returned to Calais, where, after ſtaying ſome time, I found myſelf as much involved as I had been in London; nor could this be otherwiſe—my income was reduced to one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and I had given drafts to Mrs. M'Donnell for her to receive it at my banker's, till my debts were all liquidated.

I received at this time a letter from her, incloſing twenty pounds, to ſay that Mr. Board, an officer in the Blues, whom I had known in London, had been at her houſe to make inquiries after me; that on her telling him of my unpleaſant ſituation in Calais, he had

given her that ſum to ſend me, with a requeſt that I would leave Calais immediately, and take his name, and that he would meet me at Dover. I did ſo, and there found a letter from him, which mentioned a lodging I was to come to in London, and apprize him of my arrival by a letter to St. Alban's, where he then was with a party of his regiment. All this I did; Mr. Board joined me the next day, and I accompanied him to St. Alban's, where I remained about two months, and received great attention and civility from thoſe few of the officers who were there. Mademoiſelle Le Grand had left me at Calais; ſhe had

had enliſted, without my knowledge, under theatrical banners, and I gave myſelf no farther trouble about her, than to write and apprize her father of it. I took another Frenchwoman, who came with me to St. Alban's.

I had ſome reaſon to be diſſatisfied with Mr. Board's conduct, and reſolved on returning once more to France. Before I ſet out he deſired that I would give him the duplicates of my things at Parker's; that he would redeem them, and ſend them to me. I had no duplicates; but I gave him a written order on Parker to deliver them to Mr. Board, on the money being paid.

I ar-

I arrived at Calais with my maid, and had with me two very fine ſpaniels which Mr. Mahon had given me, and that I was particularly fond of. I found at Deſſein's ſeveral of my old acquaintance: Capt. W. Monſon, Lord Monſon's brother; Mr. Fitzwilliam, Lord Fitzwilliam's; and Capt. George Keppel. I landed in the morning, and they aſked me to dine with them at Deſſein's. While we were at dinner a note was brought me from the Count d'Oſſun, Colonel of the regiment Royal des Vaiſſeaux, requeſting that I ſhould ſup that evening at his houſe. Mr. Monſon offered to conduct me there; but juſt as we

we were going out, a ſervant of Deſſein's called him aſide, and told him that ſeveral officers of the regiment Vivarais, who were alſo ſtationed in the town, were patrolling the ſtreets to watch my coming out, their intention being to kill my dogs. Their motion for this ungentleman-like reſolution proceeded from my having ſecreted a dog belonging to the miſtreſs of one of them on board the packet the laſt time I had ſailed for England. I had reſtored the dog to them three or four different times, on their having reclaimed him; but he had taken ſuch a fancy to me, that I at length ſmuggled him from the hotel into the veſſel.

Mr.

Mr. Monſon, after ſeeing that my favourites were locked up, eſcorted me to the Count's door, where we ſaw ſeveral of theſe young enſigns on the watch. I mentioned the circumſtance to the Count d'Oſſun, who told me that the two regiments were on bad terms; but he thought, that, were it only on his account, none of the officers of Vivarais would dare to inſult me. I was preparing to return to Deſſein's about twelve o'clock, when the Count's valet came to tell us that about a dozen of the youngeſt of them were ſitting in chairs round his door. The Count was in coloured clothes, but immediately put on his uniform,

uniform, and went into the ſtreet, demanding whom they intended to offend?—He took down the names of theoſe he recognized, who, at length, departed.

My Engliſh friends had all ſallied from Deſſein's after ſupper to wait the event of my coming out, and to protect me from theſe hot-headed Frenchmen; but the Count did not think it adviſeable for me to leave his hotel that night. Capt. Keppel ſent me a note that his carriage ſhould be ready at the opening of the gates the the next morning, when he would, if I pleaſed, conduct me to Lille, as if

I ſtaid

I ſtaid at Calais ſome miſchief would certainly enſue.

We had afterwards the ſatisfaction to learn that theſe unworthy children of Mars had been put in priſon for their miſconduct, and that the heroine who had urged them to it had been baniſhed the town.

We ſtaid a few days in Lille at the Hotel de Portugal; and Capt. Keppel, having occaſion to go to Valenciennes, I went with him.

We reached that place the ſecond evening after leaving Lille; the regi-

ment

ment of Royal Infanterie was there. The Viſcount de Raſtignac, its Colonel, was a man of high rank, and one of my old Pariſian friends. I ſent him a note, which followed him to the play; he had the politeneſs to leave it inſtantly, and joined us at the inn.

On my introducing to him Capt. Keppel, he begged leave to wait on us the next morning, which he did, in company with the Marquis de Bouthellier, his Colonel, the Major, and firſt Captain, requeſting we would dine with them. We accepted the invitation, had a ſuperb dinner, the band playing all the time, and in the

evening went with them into the Commandant's box at the theatre, and received every attention.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.